

OADSIDE SKETCHES.

Village of Anacostia and Its Historic Surroundings.

WHERE POET PAYNE LIVED.

e Changes of Recent Years-The Beginning of Anacostia-The Neighboring Settlement of Hillsdale - Where Frederick Douglass Lives-Picturesque Views From the Hills.

A NACOSTIA AND HILLSDALE ARE among the most promising of Washington's suburbs, and they possess some attraction : that are not to be found elsewhere in this vicinity. The towns themselves are not old by an means, but their environs are rich in histor, lore. Therefore a visit to and a stroll through their streets will be enjoyed. Anaostia is reached by way of the Navy Yard bridge, whose history was recited in a recent The northern end of the bridge is of 11th street southeast.

wing across this structure, pleasing scene and Hillsdale, the heights of the latter, with their neat, showy residences, making a pleasing impression. Again turning toward the left, Good Hope Hill, Boone's ridge and the valley of the Anscostia river are presented to view.

Reaching the southern end of the bridge,

few paces bring you to the junction of Harri-son and Monroe streets, Anacostia, the former, which was originally the western end of the old Mariboro' pike, running castward toward Good Hope, while the latter, which was once known as the Piscataway road, running south-ward toward the Insane Asylum. The dividing line between Harrison street and Good Hope road is about 300 feet cast of Taylor street, while Morris road separates Anacostia from

THE BEGINNING OF ANACOSTIA. Forty years ago the site of Anacostia was farm lands, and was owned by one Enoch

Tucker. It formerly belonged to the Marberry estate, and was part of the "Chichester" tract. There were 280 acres in the Tucker farm, a good part of which was cultivated for truck good part of which was cultivated for truck purposes. Mr. Tucker did not attend to the farm work himself, however, for he was em-ployed as boss blucksmith in the navy yard. The farm was either leased or worked on the share plan. The Tucker farm housestood alone in the old days, and, until recently, occupied the site of the present new Pyle block, on the west side of Monroe street, just south of Harrison street and the bridge. In 1854 John Fox, John W. Van Hood and

John Dobler bought the farm from Tucker for \$19,000 and divided it into building lots, naming the place Anacostia. It continued to be known by this name until 1865, when it was re-christened Uniontown, which latter name it rechristened Uniontown, which latter name it re-tained until 1869, when the original name was resumed.

tion to the public. I must correct a popular counterfeit two-dollar bill at a county fair. From that day dated a reputation for shrewd-

the subdivision was completed was the old two-story brick on Harrison street, now occupied by Weigel's store and bakery George F. Pyle's grocery store, nearly adjoining on the west,



But the oldest house within the limits of th town today is the old Fox mansion on the south side of Jefferson street, which was built many years before Anacostia was thought of.
It was built by John Fox. one of the founders
of the place, and was his residence until his
death. It is now occupied by W. H. Richards.
At one time it was the residence of Dr. A. M.
Green. Dr. Green's attractive new residence

adjoins the old house.

Another very old building is the small frame structure on Harrison street, a little west of Anderson's blacksmith shop. This house was built by James Buckley, who was bridgekeeper in the days of tells. in the days of tolls.

The town is growing rapidly, and handsome

struction and business is generally very active. The population, which is almost exclusively white, will aggregate 3,500. There are but two

THE MASONIC HALL The old and new Masonic Hall buildings furpish a good contrast between the sleepy old pisce of a decade ago and the live, bustling town of today. The new Masonic building is a creditable three-story brick structure. It stands on the corner of Jefferson and Pierce treets and was completed last year
tests and was completed last year
t a cost of \$15,000. The first story
a public hall. The second story is used
a place of meeting by various local societies,
such as the G. A. R., Knights of Pythias, Good The third story is used by the Masons. Anscostia Lodge, No. 21, has 150 members and is in a flourishing condition. The old building is used by the Universalists as a church and Sunday school.

The town is well provided with churches and schools.

The new Episcopal Church, corner of Washington and Fillmore streets, now nearing com-

pletion, is of a unique style of architecture. The walls, which are low, are built of Potomac blue stone, trimmed with red sand stone, the coof, of slate, being quite elaborate and extensive. It will cost, when completed, \$12,000.

The Methodist Church is on the corner of the corne

Fair Lawn (well named), the home of the late hur Christie, down on Harrison street ween Pierce and Fillmore, is one of the

FREDERICK DOUGLASS' HOME. acter among her citizens-s man whose se and fame are probably world-wide.

Tedar Heights, between Pierce and Jeherson lets. The house, which is quite attractive, ands on a beautiful knoll, from which one of finest views of the city of Washington found finest views of the city of Washington found.

The streets of Hillsdale have the appearance being neglected by the authorities, and in

sketches of it before its destruction, which are presented to the readers of The STAR. The north end of the old house is also shown in one of the pictures. The tree was over one hundred years old at its death. Before its decay it measured fifteen feet around the trunk, and its old branches overtopped every tree in the vicinity. The rustic seat that used to encircle its trunk is securely preserved as a pre-cious heirloom in the attic of the old house. The late George W. Talburtt, the then pro-prietor of the Talburtt estate, was the friend



and been companion of Payne. Although there was quite a disparity in their ages. Payne being much the elder, there was something in their natures that drew them toward each other, are witnessed on every side. To the right are the Navy Yard, the Arsenal or Greenleaf's which they were both noted. And then Point, the Potomac and the Virginia hills beyond. Moving the eye slowly toward the left, it rests successively on Geisboro' and Poplar and their companionship was almost inseparable. They would sit for hours together of a able. They would sit for hours together of a summer evening under the spreading branches of the old tree, singing and playing favorite airs, and it is a matter of neighborhood gossip that jolly old Bacchus looked on approvingly



THE OLD PAYNE TREE WITH NORTH END OF OLD TALBURTT HOUSE. obable that Mr. Talburtt, who was learned in music, aided Payne very materially with his song. At any rate it was sung and re-

newspapers that the original manuscript of "Home, Sweet Home" is in the possession of the Talburtt family. I have been informed by a member of the family, who ought to know, that there is no foundation in fact for this story. Payne was careless about such things, and it is more than probable that the manuscript went into the waste basket.

Payne was a wanderer, without a home, and his loneliness, compared with the happiness of the household in which he was treated as more than a common guest, doubtless suggested the idea of the song.

THE TALBURTT-PAYNE HOUSE. That Payne and Talburtt were very fond of each other is proven by the fact that they planned for the erection of a residence for their joint occupancy. Payne selected the site and Talburtt built the house, but fate had decreed that the second selected the second selected the site and Talburtt built the house, but fate had decreed that this was as far as their scheme should go.

In 1841 the poet died in Tunis, Africa, he having been appointed United States consul to that place by President Van Buren.

The sad and sudden loss of his dear friend,

and the consequent failure of their plans, had a marked effect on the future of Mr. Talburtt.

named Allen has a lease of it and works the land as a truck farm.

The Woodruff cottage, on the water's side, a little east of Talburtt's, is an old historic place. Mrs. Woodruff was the mother of George W. Talburtt by her first marriage.

Anacostia is distinctively a white community, although the population of the surrounding villages of Hillsdale, Stantontown, Garfield, &c., are made up largely of colored folks. It is a harmonious, law-abiding community, and I am told that the arrest of one of its citizens for a crime is of rare occurrence.

for a crime is of rare occurrence.

It has doubtless been noticed that the older streets were named after the Presidents of the United States.

nited States.

A post office was first established in Anacostia. The office was discontinued in 1838, and was re-established in 1865 under the name of Union-town. The name of the office was again changed to Anacostia in 1869. HILLSDALE.

Morris (formerly "New Cut") road is the dividing line between Anacostia and Hillsdale. The latter is a comparatively new settlement. Its site was a houseless woodland thirty years ago, with the exception of Poplar Point, which The walls, which are low, are built of Potomac blue stone, trimmed with red sand stone, the goof, of slate, being quite elaborate and extensive. It will cost, when completed, \$12,000.

The Methodist Church is on the corner of fackson and Pierce streets, directly opposite Masonic Hall. The Baptist Church is on Jefferson street between Filimore and Polk.

The Roman Catholic Church is on the northmest corner of Washington and Fillmore streets, u the opposite corner, on a terrace, being the ad Episcopal Church.

The fine new public school house on Jefferson between Fillmore and Pierce streets, dedicated last summer, has accommodations for Mr. James Barry, the original owner of this estate, which extended southward to the Ham-

estate, which extended southward to the Ham-ilton road and westward to Geisboro', was of English birth and a stanch Roman Catholic. It is said that adherence to his religion cost him

an earldom.

The Poplar Point tract is now divided up

The Poplar Point tract is now divided up into small truck farms, which are worked with good profit by colored men.

Monroe street, Anacostia, ends, and Nicholas avenue, Hillsdale, begins at Morris road.

Hillsdale Heights occupy a commanding position, magnificent views of Washington and the country around being obtained from their summit. Some handsome residences grace the most elevated points, among others being those of Mr. Messer, Lawyer Sherwood and Dr. Grant of the internal revenue office, Treasury Department.

the land mark that touches the Anacost's heart above all others, and the one that is proudest of, is the old Talburtt house, is its famous old chestnut tree, under whose piring branches John Howard Payne penned immortal "Home, Sweet Home." The visof today will miss the old tree, for the remnant of it was blown down by a gale winter. I had the good fortune to secure

vict. Her eyes wearied of the billowy levels, tossing like an ocean about the trig, fourroomed house and huge unpainted barns; they wearied of the dusty currant bushes and the unfruitful orchard. Most of all they wearied of the one everlasting, relentless face of nature.

Therefore she spent hours daily nursing s pitiful little show of flowers such as had grown n the moist seashore gardens of her youth and wilted under the fierce Iowa summers. Indoors she cut out pictures from the illustrated journals that at rare intervals came into her hands and pasted them on her unplastered walls. She learned to make paper flowers.

when she read these Mrs. Crest would blush with pleasure and feel the intoxicating delights of fame, for she was Lucetta.

But for most of the time there was only work to break the loneliness. To be sure, there was plenty of work and had been all through the twenty-two years. Joshua, her husband, was a good farmer, but for a long while "unmerciful disaster followed fast and followed faster." Once he had been swept clean of all save hope by a cyclone; once he had escaped only by a hair's breadth losing his farm through the fraud of a friend.

Twenty-two years ago he had said: "Never mind, Judy, just let me make a few thousand dollars and you shan't have to work on the farm. I'll sell out and buy a store in town and wyon wouldn't store to suppore, he didn't want.

arm. I'll sell out and buy a store in town and e postmaster."

All his life Joshua had craved the leisurely honors of office. He, too, was social. He liked to talk and he had a gift for telling stories. How many times in the years those two simple creatures had stocked that store I will not try to count. At first every Sunday night. They bought a book on bookkeeping and an arithmetic, and it was (but principle would not allow nything so like a game on Sunday) an exciting anything so like a game on Sunday) an exciting diversion to practice making change with the numbered counters of pasteboard left by a tramping farm hand. They did not dream that the dingy red and blue and white disks were no less than wicked poker chips. Judith hacked them into the proper sizes and numbered them neatly so that they represented all the subsidiary coin. By consequence Mrs. Crest's extraordinary swiftness and accuracy in changing a dollar for say. ness and accuracy in changing a dollar for, say, three dozen eggs at 17½ cents a dozen, or three pounds of butter at 23 cents a pound, were the marvel of the Delmar shopkeepers. From coin to bank notes the transition is easy—in theory; a scarcity of notes made it less easy in practice, but by dint of years' study the pair came to know the look and feel of a bank note well

dreams away together. The little cuildren came: they died, one after another, and the desolate mother felt, deep down in her heart, that a doctor near enough to come daily might have saved them. Then, when the keenness of have saved them. Then, when the keenness of their grief was blunted and they went for comfort to their old fancies, time and again their savings had been wrenched from them. The man would have given up the fight in despair, but the woman clung to her shadowy hopes the more tenaciously. Finally their patience and industry conquered. The great crop of 1891 had increased their savings beyond the amount necessary to pay off the last installment of the mortgage; they would actually have some hundreds in money. Six thousand dollars and over stood to Joshua Crest's credit at the bank. stood to Joshua Crest's credit at the bank, "Only," said Judith to Myron Dwight, "I cayn't help feeling kinder scary till the 3d of

cayn't help feeling kinder scary till the 3d of October is past and gone."

Myron was considered the cleverest young man in Delmar or the county. He had been to Iowa City to the university; he went every year to Chicago to buy his goods, which added to his knowledge of the world and improved to the county of the legislation of the leg "wanted it! Father, you ain't got no idee what it means to me to get out of this loneitiness and be with God's folks again! I ain't had a peaceful day since the children died. I couldn't work hard enough to stop my thinking! I was scared all the while. I never said nothing 'bout it, for what good would it do? We'd got to live out on the farm, it would only pester you and you had enough to stand, but all day I'd been thinking! I was pale in that bloodless radiance. Her look ing, what about the horses of the Homestead. and the consequent failure of their plans, had a marked effect on the future of Mr. Talburtt. Instead of Mr. Payne, he took for his companion and helpmate through life's journey one of the best and most accomplished young women of this section. They lived happily in the new house until Mr. Talburtt's death in 1855. The widow is now a resident of Northeast Washington, enjoying, in her advancing years, the society of her children and grand-children and the esteem of her neighbors.

The Talburtt-Payne house is beautifully situated on Maple avenue and is now the home of Mr. H. A. Griswold, who came into possession of it in 1873. The accompanying illustration shows the house as it was when occupied by the Talburtts. Mr. Griswold has changed the outlines materially, especially the front exposure. The ancient Talburtt mansion down on the river's side, which, by the way, can be reached by a lane which forms a continuation of Morris road, yet belongs to Mrs. Talburtt, but a man named Allen has a lease of it and works the land as a truck farm.

The Woodruff cottage, on the water's side, a little east of Talburtts, is an old historic place. Mrs. Woodruff was the mother of George W. Talburtt by her first marriage.

Anacostia is distinctively a white community.

his six feet two inches. She is such a wee creature, in a black frock made (but he does not creature, in a black frock made (but he does not know it) after a pattern from the Homestead, with her little peaked, wistful, timid face, her mild blue eyes and forehead, wrinkled by the constant lifting of her eyebrows, peering out to see distant objects on those wide and lonely plains. Her eyebrows are thin and gray, and so is her hair, which she curis on a slate pencil to resemble the hair of the ladies of Delmar. It would be pretty hair if she would not disfigure it.

"Yes," says Myron, "Lollard is a hard man "Yes," says Myron, "Lollard is a hard man to deal with, but you have the money in the Delmar Bank all right."

"It ain't in the Delmar Bank, it is in the other bank, Mr. Starling's bank at Ranford."

Myron's black brows met. "Why, Uncle Joshua certainly told me he was going to put it in the Delmar Bank."

"Well, he did start to put it there, but he happened to hear Mr. Maxwell was a drinking man—"

"Maxwell! Why, he never was drunk in his life. He is as temperate a man as ever lived and as honest."
"Joshua didu't hear anything about his hon-"Joshua didn't hear anything about his honesty, but it was this way, Joshua had gone to Delmar with that money and he met Mr. Starling in town; well, I guess Mr. Starling come up to him and congratulated him on the high price he got for his wheat and it's being likely our corn would do well, too; and Joshua told him what he got and how he was on his way to put it in the bank. And someway, that led them into talking 'bout Mr. Maxwell and Mr. Starling said he was sorry Maxwell, was voting with the liquor party; and it come out that Mr. Maxwell sometimes took a glass of beer himself. Mr. Starling seemed to feel real sorry about it."

Here Myron burst in: "Sorry? Why, he was

sorry about it."

Here Myron burst in: "Sorry? Why, he was just telling Uncle Josh that to prejudice him. He sorry! The hypocrite! Then, I dare say, when Uncle Josh wanted to put the money in his bank he wouldn't take it at first!"

"No, he truly wouldn't, Myron, but you know your Uncle Joshua feels so strong about the temperance question because his sister she married a drunkard. He said he wouldn't let his money go to help the breweries and he fairly made Mr. Starling take it."

Myron was gloomily knawing his mustache. "Did he get a deposit reesipt" said he.

"They went right on back to Ranford and put the money in the bank there." She stole a

"They went right on back to Ranford and put the money in the bank there." She stole a worried glance at the young man's dark face. For years she had trusted to Myron's knowledge of the great, dim, wicked mystery that she called "the world." Even she suspected that Joshus was simple as a child. "I hope—oh, there ain't anything wrong about doing that way, is there, Myron?"

Myron laughed; it was all right, he guessed, and he would not stay for parleying, but swung

A TIMID WOMAN.

A GREAT BREAK IN A LIFE'S

MONOTONY.

WRITTEE FOR THE EVERING STAR BY

OGRAVE THARET.

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OGRAVE THARET.

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OGRAVE THARET.

New Solid Start of our she had never more afread of the starting for the she had by some one she in the same share death, "because the first of are she clear of the same share of the same share of the same share of the same share than the same share of the same share than the same share that the same share than the same share than the same share than the same share than the same share that the same share than the same share that the sa

way to watch her. The kitchen was large and sunny and Judith had papered it with her own hands. Had the paper not been bought of a pedier to whom Judith had paid tribute because she was alone in the house, and he had "such fierce kinder eyes," it probably would not have been a remnant of a pattern used in the force would not have been a remnant of a pattern used in the fear tormenting her that the notice would not express. hands and pasted them on her unphastered wails. She learned to make paper flowers, She handsered after the dazzling but untattains. She handsered after the dazzling but untattains. She handsered after the dazzling but untattains are consecred. She subscribed to a semi-weekly household magazine named the Homestead, reading and rereading (in her hunger for companionship) the "Correspondence Column," whereins subscribers exchanged impartially their domestic rials, their spiritual wrestlines, the puzzles of rural citiquette and the best far-himotory was a good quality; and he adappear a paragraph like this: "I would like to ask the sister from Marrif she makes her choosate frosting with the whites of eggs or botis; and please send a recipe for preventing rabbits grawing and presenting with the whites of eggs or botis; and please send a recipe for preventing rabbits grawing and please send a recipe for preventing rabbits grawing and please send a recipe for preventing rabbits grawing list us know how to bear our crosses in the right; list the sister from white the sister from the right of the sister spirit. I would be obliged, also, for a remedy how to prevent hair falling out. Lucktra."

When she read these Mirs. Crest would bush with possave and feel the intonicating delights with the whites and the least of the coll blush with pleasure and feel the intonicating delights with the whites and the order of was pleased on the read of the proper official. These ment of the coll mand that to look at her see of prairies, seed for the site of proper official. These ment of the proper official blus with the whites of eggs or busit, and here were pooled as the paper was a good quality; and he admitted the paper was a good quality; and he had admitted to the paper was a good quality; and he had admitted to be east admitted to the course of the form the form of the paper was a good of quality; and he had admitted to be east admitted to the paper was a good quality; and he had admitted to the form of the paper was a good quali

across the floor to the sink and began pumping. All the while he was conscious of his wife's eyes on his back. "Father, did Myron tell you anything about that bank?"

splashing noise came to her, mingled with a grunt that the bank was all right; but Joshua's meck, fair where the sun had not touched it, grew redder and redder.

"Father, I jest know he did!" she cried; "he thinks Starling's bank ain't safe. That's why Myron wouldn't stop to supper; he didn't want to be questioned."

"Method off!"

Myron's face changed. "You're right," he muttered. Then in a louder tone: "I won't put you off, aunty, I have been to Ranford with Uncle Josh and—well, we got there after banking hours and could do nothing. I couldn't get Uncle Josh away from that infernal machine. But he is going back to Ranford first thing next "Mother, you're the scariest critter alive. Starling is a good boy; he is the superintendent—no, that's his brother, but he is a pro-

fessor; and he's a straight temperance man, and I ain't going to believe a word agin him." Judith was trying to fry her cakes, the grease I ain't going to believe a word agin him."

Judith was trying to fry her cakes, the grease sputtered and hissed on the griddle and spattered on her bare wrist; she did not even know that it had burned her. Her mild eyes were glowing, she trembled, and her gentle voice was sharpened by pain as she answered: "Then he did talk to you. Oh, father, don't, don't hide anything from me!"

"I guess not before we get our money out, and Judy. Well, good-by."

As she watched him out of sight the same tense look was in her face that had been there while she sat on the step thinking.

Joshua came, no long time after. He began to talk in a rambling way about the Hallers and the day's work and how tired the horses were, and she made no effort to question him, but a presently he proke out with a group. "Indy I much he said; he's young and thinks he knows

it all. Jest because some Chicago feller with his boots blacked has been stuffing Myron, he "Well, if you'll be any wiser for hearin', he "Well, if you'll be any wiser for hearin', he heard Steve had been speculating in buckets in Chicago," said the old man with a visible pride over his own fluency with the terms of finance.
"He has been going long or else he has been going short on wheat and kiting away with notes and lost money, but I don't believe a

notes and lost money, but I don't believe a word of it myself."

Judith took up the cakes with shaking hands; she laid the plate on the table and put the griddle further back on the stove in order to approach Joshua. Never since their little boy died had he seen his wife's face as it looked it then.

"Joshua," she said, "if we lose that money it means we'll have to spend all our days working on a mortgaged farm. If we cayn't pay up the third he can foreclose on us; and you know he is mean enough to do it, and if we borrow the money to pay him we shall have to work it out! That's the best can happen to us, the worst is we'll be turned out—on the prairie—no ways at all can we go to town, and how many years—oh, father—"

"Hush, hush, Judy"—he tried to soothe her, stroking her withered hand and patting it—"

"Hush, hush, Judy"—he tried to soothe her, stroking her withered hand and patting it—"

"We sim! You know I know a hot be there too late, but I am going to be there to git me a hot breakfast, though; a cold hit is all I want."

That was the reason why Starling's bank lence, yet she made no protest. Presently Joshua did not speak a word. He nodded to misse the word is all Judith. She came over to him and kissed his forehead. "You know I know you did all you could, Joshua, don't you!" she is mean enough to do it, and if we borrow the money to pay him we shall have to work it out! That's the best can happen to us, the worst is we'll be turned out—on the prairie—no ways at all can we go to town, and how many years—oh, father—"

"Hush, hush, Judy"—he tried to soothe her, stroking her withered hand and patting it—

"You have to lead the the all the world go to bed. "Good in the vailt."

That was the reason why Starling's bank the world go to bed. "Good in the wall was to looked its doors, ome hours earlier than the fugitive had anticipated. Joshua did not seem surprised. "Word the world and we got to be d. "Soo the world was the case and the the vold to be there to late to git me a hot breakfast, though; a cold hit i

stroking her withered hand and patting it—
"come now, it will be all right, we'll go fast
enough. I didn't know you wanted it so awful

"Wanted it!" she screamed, while the patience of years seemed to break down and her words rushed as a prairie fire spreads, "wanted it! Father, you ain't got no idee what

of mischief."

"I didn't mean to make any mischief," said Joshua contritely. "I ain't that kind, but you see my wife got scared...."

"Does she know anything about business?" asked the deacon with a caustic accent on the word; and Joshua felt that he cut the sorry figure of a man that was cajoled by his wife into doing unkind as well as unbusinesslike actions.

morning and so am I. In fact, I shall go and see mother and take the train over there to-Oh, Myron, is the bank going to bust?"

"I sin't hiding nothing, mother; Myron, he thought you'd worry so, that's all; and 'tain't got to tell you. I guess Myron was right about Starling."
"Yes, I guess he was."

his boots blacked has been stuffing Myron, he thinks Steve Starling, we've all knowed from a boy, is going to bust up."

"Father, for heaven's sake, what did Myron showed me a printed book where they'd got his name down and he ain't got good credit at all, mother. And they got Maxwell there real high credit."

"Well, if you'll be any wiser for hearin', he heard Steve had been speculating in buckets in

begin again—"
"We ain't going to have to," said Judith.
Thus she cheered the dispirited man, nor did
he see the placid look fade from her face as
long as he was awake to see.

After he slept she crept out of bed and dressed herself quietly. She opened a closet and a drawer, taking something out of each.

The moonlight filled the room. At the door the moonlight filled the room. At the door believe, if he did know, Mrs. Crest is such a harmless timid woman, but Myron Dwight,

be with God's folks again! I sin't had a peace, tail day since the children died. I coundin to war, and a savery taking something out of each. I all the while. I never said nothing bout it, for what god would it de. We got to live on the tarm, it would only peater you and you the tarm, it would only peater you and you the tarm, it would only peater you and you the peater when it was going, and if a see you brought home all bloody. If d'soot to peater the the resper's when it was going, and if a see you brought home all bloody. If d'soot to peater the wind blowed to it wouldn't a been so bad, but I knew we we could? And every time the wind blowed we could? And every time the wind blowed it was expecting a cyclone.

"Why, duty, and you so brave when we did "Had got to be brave then, but I was arful search in the wind blowed it was expecting a cyclone."

"Had got to be brave then, but I was arful search in the word of t

For a while she watched the tall, light figure bounding between the rows of corn with the pensive admiration of age for youth's activity; then she walked slowly, a little stiffly, back to the house. It would soon be time for Joshua's supper: perhaps Myron would stop to supper, too, and it would be worth while to make pancakes.

CHAPTER II.

But when half an hour later Joshua's shadow fell across the threshold there was no tall young fell across the threshold there was no tall young fellow behind him. Joshua stood in the doordway to watch her. The kitchen was large and adding the supper way to watch her. The kitchen was large and hands. Had the paper not been bought of a pellor to whom Judith had papered it with her own suns as has was alone in the house, and he had seen to cause she was alone in the house, and he had seen to cause she was alone in the house, and he had seen to cause the was gone as a seen was alone in the house, and he had seen to cause the was gone as a seen was alone in the house, and he had seen to cause the was gone as a seen was alone in the house, and he had seen to cause the was gone as a seen was alone in the house, and he had seen to cause the was gone as a seen was alone in the house, and he had seen the cause of his griefs.

He told Judith that he had been laughed at the pension of age for youn's activity, then the house alone has was ago as a lot of his principal to meet the did not convince her, and in the down was a gold. But he did not convince her, and in the down was a gold. But he did not convince her, and in the banker, smoothing his brow. "Yes, M. Crest came after the bank was closed. If you will go there to morrow morning at 9 it to the microstations and tried to get our money iron wouldn't got it to him. Intervence it to him. Intervence it to me?"

The next day she would have walked to Delmartou was a give it to me?"

Why, Irs. Crest, I didn't

The moon was in the sky when afar, on the sea of prairie, she discerned Myron Dwight coming alone. With a sinking heart she saw that he came in the direction of Ranford and that he was riding a tired horse. He must pass the house to reach the Delmar road. She waited for him.

"Won't you come in and have a cup of coffee, Myron?" she begged. "I got some hot on the stove. Where have you been so long? Oh, Myron, please tell me; please don't put me off!"

Myron's face changed. "You're right," he muttered. Then in a louder tone: "I won't put you off, aunty, I have been to Ranford with Uncle Josh and—well, we got there after banking hours and could do nothing. I couldn't get Uncle Josh away from that infernal machine. But he is going back to Ranford first thing next morning and so am I. In fact, I shall go and see mother and take the train over there to-certificates, yes, they're good. There had see mother and take the train over there to-certificates, yes, they're good. There had see mother and take the train over there to-certificates, yes, they're good. There had see mother and take the train over there to-certificates, yes, they're good. There had see mother and take the train over there to-certificates, yes, they're good. There had see mother and take the train over there to-certificates, yes, they're good. There had see mother and take the train over there to-certificates, yes, they're good. There had see mother and take the train over there to-certificates, yes, they're good. There had see who match and fifty—silver certificates, yes, they're good. There had see the post derive post offices, of which there are several row to got to get it with it on your hands. Take the mine post of get it with it on your hands. Take the mine post of get it with it on your hands. Take the mine post of get it with it on your hands. Take the money out and count it and put it in they all the private correspondence is transmitted by private post offices, of which there are several road to the post offices, of which there are severa match until he had counted out the sum. "Six thousand, one hundred and fifty—silver certificates, yes, they're good. There had ought to be \$2 more—"

The buzz and rumble of the train was heard more distinctly. Starling tore a \$5 note from a wad of bank notes and threw it at her. "Now, will you let me go?"

"I guess I ain't got no right to keep you. I

From the Arkansaw Traveller.

by questions.
"But, mother, you hadn't got no check, how "But, mother, you hadn't got no check, how could you git the money?" said Joshua.
Judith was sobbing. "Oh, I guess you won't be able to forgive me. I didn't have no check; I made him give me the money——"
She had been taking the notes out of her bag.
Myron put his fingers in and drew out the nistel.

lapsing?"
Oh, no. The house is built solid enough. harmless, timid woman, but Myron Dwight, now prospering and helping Joshua to prosper, keeps the pistol in his drawer as a memento. No one else but he knows another interesting fact—that pistol was not loaded!

What Would The Inference Be?

Five minutes later Myron Dwight could not

.

From the Chicago Tribune. He was a trifle excited as he laid his check down on the cigar stand in the barber shop and reached in his pocket for the necessary thange.
"Where did you get that idiot?" he asked, indicating the barber who had just shaved

"Brown?" said the proprietor in some surprise. "Why, he's one of the best barbers in the shop. Did he cut you?"
"No, he didn't cut me."
"I thought not. He's one of our star men.
Why, that man hasn't his equal for courtesy."

"Courtesy!"

"Certainly. He notices every little thing and pays a man the closest attention. When one gets out of his chair—"

"Attention! Attention!" exclaimed the patron. "You call it attention, do you? You think when he insults a man it's a sort of delicate compliment, I suppose. Do I look like a

"No."
"Then why did he powder my nose so carefully? What was the inference, sir? I ask you that! Is it a delicate attention? No, sir. Not in a thousand years! You discharge him or you lose my trade."



"I guess I ain't got no right to keep you. I ain't no change, but I'll send it to Miss Starling. Hold your hands in front of you and you can "I guess I sin't got no right to keep you. I ain't no change, but I'll send it to Miss Starling. Hold your hands in front of you and you can and highways is remarkable.

IN NORTHERN CHINA. believe his eyes as they showed him Judith weeping on the platform.

"Oh, Myron," she sobbed, "I tied the colt up so tight I can't untichim, and I'm so frighthas been made to overcome. The large rivers are to be crossed by ferries only, while the smaller streams must be forded. At the ferries "He has been looking him up in Chicago. He does speculate and he has lost money, and Myron showed me a printed book where they'd got his name down and he ain't got good credit at all, mother. And they got Maxwell there real high credit."

"How do they ever find out?"

"I guess the lawyers tell 'em; they don't mind spying and telling on folks. It is a mighty queer looking book—sorter looks like a algebra. Well, Judy, we went to Ranford and we got there too late, but I am going to be there to-

HE WAS IN LUCK

The Big Things That Fell Into a Spirit

A tall, dignified-looking gentleman stood facing an unoccupied bouse on a prominent west side street the other day, closely scanning large white sign which bung on the front door. The house was a handsome modern structure, two stories high, and had evidently been built by some wealthy man for residence purposes, but was now advertised as being "For Rent."

The tall man had just finished taking observations and jotting down the owner's address in a small note book and was turning to leave when a neighbor came along and pleasantly remarked:
"It's a pity that a fine house like this should

stand idle for such a long time."
"Why, how long has it been idle?"
"Well, the last tenant moved out two years ago, and the owner can't find another who is brave enough to live in there."
"What's the matter with it? Danger of col-

The great trouble is that it's haunted."
"You don't say!" And the tall man seemed to grow more interested.
"It's a fact. Every Wednesday and Friday, "It's a fact. Every Wednesday and Friday, just at miduight, the people of the neighborhood are startled by a series of wild, blood-curdling yells, and immediately after that two white figures appear at the upper windows. I've seen them myself," and the good man shuddered as he thought of it.

"Have you any idea what rental the owner demands for the whole house?"

"Yes, I heard him say he'd let anybody have it for \$5 per month!"

"Five dollars a month! Great Cæsar! but that's a bargain. Guess Fil take it before some other fellow gets ahead of me."

"But wouldn't you be afraid of living in a "Oh, I'm quite used to them. I am a spiritualist, and, as I hold my scances every Wednesday and Friday night, those spooks will come in very handy." You'll excuse me, sir, while I go and see the owner and sign a lease for ninety-nine years."

and see the owner and sign a least of ninety-nine years."

And as he walked off he muttered to himself:
"Five dollars a month and two full-fledged ghosts to boot. That is indeed a bargain."

A Sequence,
We were married—she and I—
In the spring;
Said she, as we settled down
In our cottage in the town,
"Love, we now begin life's reign,
And of this our small domain
You are king." And a happier man than I Ne'er was seen.
And the future seemed to be
Ever full of bilss for me,
As I told my fairy wife,
"Of my fortune and my life
You are queen."

Then her mother in our hor Took her place.

And this life became to me
Full of woes and misery.

Though I dared not raise a fuse,
From the day she came to us
She was ace.

His Word Was at a Disc From the Indianapolis Journal.

"Gimme a stack o' blue chips," said oung man with the rhinestone pin. The dealer looked at him a mor marked; "Produce."

"Ain't my word good?"
"Not much. No plays on words don't go here. This ain't no comic weekly." From Good News.

Mrs. D'Avnoo—"Here is a card just sent up."

Mr. D'Avnoo (looking at the card)—"Col. George Washington Lee.' I have not had the onor of meeting Col. Lee, but he must be a gentleman of some importance. Have him Eastern stranger—"Te glad you didn't keep me waitin', sah, 'cause I's gotter hustle ef I call at all de places de employment agent gub me. I'm lookin' fo' a sityation as coachman, sah."

Mr. D'Avnoo—"Eh? Your card said 'Col. George Washington Lee."

Stranger—"Not kernel, sah. C-o-l. stands fo' enilud, sah."

THE CHESS WORLD

THE WASHINGTON CHESS CLUB MEETS A every evening at 910 P street.

PROBLEM No. 55 (Tourney Problem No. 30).



White-Ten (10) pieces. PROBLEM No. 56 (Tourney Problem No. 22)
By FRANCIS WARD, Washington, D. C.
(Composed for The Evening Star.)
Black—Six (6) places.



PROBLEM No. 57 (Tourney Problem No. 22) By A. V. BOATRITE, Columbus, Ga. (Composed for The Evening Stea.)



PROBLEM No. 58 (Tourney Problem No. 38 By A. V. GISIGER, Washington, D. C. (Composed for The Evening Stee.) Black—Seven (7) pieces.



White to play and mate in two (2) AtQB KR QR6 Q4 QKt7 Q5 KR4 KI AtKB6 KB4 KB5 White to play and mate in two (2) m 會 曾 句 句 章 AtKKt OB2 KB4 K6 KKG

*** 9** AtK4 KR8 KKt7 PROBLEM No. 61. By J. C. WARNE **会** 質 質 **台** AtQB3 KB5 QKt3 KKt w 1 1 At K6 KB3 K4 Q6

PROBLEM No. 62. By WILLIAM LES 中 曾 句

At KB4 KKt7 QKt3 * 1 1 AtQ3 QB3 QKt4 White to play and mate in two (2) me GAME No. 23. A sparkling gem by Policek.

P-QKt4 9. QH-Kt2 10. Q-Q4 11. KFxP 12. Kt-K7cb 18. QxKB 14. QxKRt 15. KBxP 16. P-K4 KKt-B3 a KtxP B-K2 Kt-B4 a Very questionable. b The Maryland c berins to see something and the other man Overlooking white's beautiful relonder. d lose if he takes the knight. For if 13. QxKt, PxQ, 14. BxQ, 15. PxR ch. and wins.

GAME No. 24. SALVIO GAMBIT. A brisk skirmish played in New 1. P-K4 2. PxP 3. P-Kt4 4. P-Kt5 5. B-Kt2 6. Q-R5-ch 7. P-Q4 BxP Q-K P-KRS KtxR RxB PxQ Mate. SOLUTIONS AND SOLVERS. The key is RuB. Solved by Geo. Be exception of the key this is sweet;"

No. 43. The key is ExB. Solved by Geo.

"with the exception of the key this is sweet;
Dunham, E. M. Borlett, "position very fair
Behrend, R. H. Ezdor; M. Cumming, A. V. B.

"mates are good;" Miss Sadie E. L., " ve
problem;" F. A. Cooley, A. V. Gisiger.

No. 44. B-Q6 solves it. Found by Geo.

"too easy;" S. C. Dunham, R. H. Ezdorf, M.
mins, A. V. Bontrite, "easy;" Miss Sadie E.

A. Cooley, Miss Morrison, Elon Behrend. Gisiger.

No. 46. Kt-Kt5 does it. Solved by George Heints
"Why not place the pawn at Q2 and have at least
clean mate." S. C. Dunham, E. M. Boriett, ver
easy." R. H. Ezdorf, M. Cumming, A. V. Bootrie
J. A. B., "a good leap for the erratic knight." Elo
Behrend, F. M. Heston, Miss Sadis E. L., J. A.